THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 30, 1802.

On the STATE *of* ENGLISH MONIES.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

YOU are, perhaps, already appriſed, that the preſent ſtate of our current coin, or *monies* is very generally complained of: Boulton has very ingeniouſly relieved us in the caſe of penny and two-penny pieces, as well as half-pennies and farthings, but as to the more valuable monies, I think I can ſoon convince you, that it is not in the power of that able artiſt to afford the neceſſary relief.

And firſt, Sir, let me remark, that of all our *monies*, MATRIMONY has of late been moſt debaſed. The *adulterations* of this coin have been uncommonly frequent, as has been proved in various courts of law, and to ſuch a degree, that very little of the original and beautiful *impreſſion*, is left, or to be found, unleſs in the cabinets of a few private perſons. The letters round the *head* are ſo obliterated, that you can with great difficulty make out what the impreſſion was: in ſome inſtances exhibited about a year ago, in Weſtminſter-hall, the only letters that could be made out were H. O. R. N. S. which certain connoiſſeurs take to be the initials of ſome inſcription now defaced, but which others think to have been the deſignation of the party in whoſe hands the coin was mutilated. Of this, however, I do not pretend to give any opinion. On the reverſe, the female figure, originally ſo beautiful, as to be the envy of every artiſt, is in general ſo deformed as to give one the idea of a common trull: the *ſhield* is not viſible, and the *drapery* almoſt worn out. Some think theſe debaſements of this once valuable money, have been effected by the Jews, but I am more inclined to believe, that it is owing to its having been exported ſo often to foreign countries, from which it may be often obſerved, our coin returns in a very mutilated

ſtate. I have known ſome inſtances, in which a trial has been made before the proper judges, of ſome of this coin, and although reputed very valuable when firſt tried, it has, in a little time dwindled to no more than the worth of a ſeven ſhilling-*piece*.

As theſe facts are very well aſcertained, and have been amply proved by every perſon who happened to *want change*, I truſt I need ſay no more to recommend the matter to the conſideration of our *new* legiſlators: I am ſorry to add, that there appeared amongſt the laſt a diſinclination to conſider this ſubject in its proper light; and more ſorry ſtill am I to add, what has been whiſpered to me as the reaſon, namely, that there were among that very miſcellaneous body, ſome perſons ſuſpected of *adulterating* this coin themſelves. Certain it is, that from the language and arguments made uſe of, they appeared to me to be both *clippers* and *coiners*, and that they had little value for what was left among us of the *ſterling* ſort.

Another coin that wants amendment in this country is PARSIMONY. Of all the money we deal in, I know none ſo mean and *baſe* as this: it *circulates* very little, however, being moſtly confined to coffers and private hoards; old people are very curious in collecting it, but are not obſerved to carry any with them when they go *to make up their accounts*—on this occaſion the whole is called in, and re-coined under the name of—

PATRIMONY, which has generally a very rapid circulation for a while, and ſo careleſs are they who poſſeſs it, that they drop it by pocket-fuls in taverns, and clubs, and ſtables, and even upon the green turf at Newmarket and other places where they happen to take a *ride*. The conſequence is, that notwithſtanding repeated coinings of this money, to the amount of ten, fifteen, twenty, or even thirty thouſand pounds a year, the whole diſappears in a very ſhort time, to the general detriment of the nation, and to the particular loſs, and frequently ruin, of a great many very induſtrious tradeſmen.

SANCTIMONY is another money which of late years has not been very common, and indeed has been a good deal, but very unjuſtly cried down, upon account of its being ſo frequently *counterfeited*. But this ſurely is no proper reaſon. If the original were not valuable, we ſhould not ſee ſo many counterfeits; the number of the latter ought to be conſidered as a compliment to the former. Be this as it may, it is generally thought there was formerly a good deal more of this coin in the kingdom than at preſent, but I am more inclined to be of opinion, that we have a great quantity yet in circulation, only thoſe who poſſeſs it wiſh to avoid oſtentation in diſplaying their purſes, and thus it is ſuſpected not to exiſt. I look upon it to be a moſt beautiful and valuable coin, and what particularly enhances its value is, that it will paſs in *that country*, where no other kind

of

of money has the ſmalleſt currency. I could wiſh, therefore, that our new parliament would take ſome ſteps to promote the circulation of this; we do not want a new coinage, for the *die* that was *caſt* eighteen hundred and two years ago, is as freſh and as valuable as ever; and the impreſſion ſtrong, lively, and perfectly viſible to common eyes.

I have only one kind of money more to ſpeak of, and that is ACRIMONY. I do not, however, mean to recommend that this ſhall be improved or increaſed; it is altogether ſo radically bad, the metal ſo baſe, the letters ſo vulgar, and the figure cut ſo mean, that I would propoſe the whole to be called in and re-iſſued, (if poſſible, which I very much doubt) in another form. The quantity of this money in circulation has been enormous for the laſt ten years; it came about that time from France in return for ſome *American goods* we had made over to them; and it has ſince been the ſource of perpetual diſputes among individuals and families. Nobody will take it, without a deal of wrangling, and yet every body is for iſſuing it on the moſt trivial occaſions. During the laſt two months, it has been in very general circulation, and ſome gentlemen affect to have ſecured their elections by it; a thing not improbable, as braſs and baſe metal are very common on ſuch occaſions among the lower claſſes. I wiſh I could add that there is no circulation of this money among politicians of the higher order, controverſial divines, able lawyers, and very profound ſcholars; but the truth is, it is too commonly iſſued from quarters in which we ſhould not expect it could be found. I am hopeful, however, that during the time of peace, when the legiſlature will be at leiſure to attend to the ſtate of coin in general, we ſhall ſee ACRIMONY diſappear, and that the other kinds of money I have enumerated, will be reſtored to the proper ſtandard and weight, for the benefit of all ranks in the community, who wiſh to be rich and happy at the ſame time.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

OLD SIMON.

Aſſay-Office, Auguſt, 1802.

Statement of the French Funds and Conſolidated Floating Debt.

THE booked or conſolidated debt, called Tiers Conſolide, from its being the conſolidated third of the debt, of which the remaining two-thirds were reimburſed in Bons de Deux Tiers in 1797-98. It bears intereſt at five per cent. payable at the Bank of France every ſix months. The payment of the intereſt is at preſent ſix months in arrear; but the intention of

government is, by paying off in ſpecie the intereſt of one whole year, to pay in future as ſoon as due. This ſtock, purchaſed at the preſent price of 55 to 60, would produce from eight to nine per cent. The general opinion is, that it will riſe to 80; and as it is the chief ſtock, and the ſtandard of the national credit and reſources, it is the intereſt, and muſt be the conſtant object of government to keep up its price. There is a ſinking fund (Caiſſe d'Amortiſſement) for the ſpecial purpoſe of paying off this ſtock; of which the effect, although not yet exactly known, muſt very ſhortly be conſiderable. This ſtock is ſaleable and transferrable at a moment's warning, and at a very trifling expence; it is not ſubject to taxation, nor open to attachments either on the principal or intereſt.

Tiers Proviſoire. The yet unbooked debt, being compoſed of the proviſional claims of the creditors of the emigrants, the contractors, and various other holders of claims on government. The Tiers Proviſoire is to be booked before the 22d of September, 1803, and will from that day bear intereſt of five per cent. ſo that ſetting aſide the danger of any retroſpect in the interval, and that of any other change, it is at the preſent price of 44 to 50 cheaper than the Tiers Conſolide, to which, in about eighteen months, it will be in every reſpect aſſimilated.

Bons de Deux Tiers. Paper iſſued for the purpoſe of reimburſing the reduced two-thirds of the national debt, and in the origin rendered applicable to the purchaſe of the national houſes, and eſtates in the French colonies; ſince ordered to be funded at five per cent.

Bons de Trois Quart. So called from their having been iſſued for the purpoſe of reimburſing the three-fourths of the intereſt of the fifth and ſixth years (1797 to 1798). They are aſſimilated in all reſpects to the preceding ſtock.

Coupons d'Emprunt Force. The receipts given by government to the perſons who contributed to the various forced loans. This paper is likewiſe aſſimilated to the two preceding, with this difference, that it is generally conſidered as a leſs ſacred claim, and is therefore more difficult to get liquidated.

Quart au Nom, et Quart Numeraire. So called from its having been iſſued for the purpoſe of reimburſing the fourth of the dividend of the fifth and ſixth year (1797 to 1798). It is generally thought, that this very ſacred claim on government will be funded in toto.

Rachats de Rente. Redemption of perpetual annuities due by individuals to government, on a privileged mortgage on landed eſtates; the ſaid iſſued by government in times of great diſtreſs, for the purpoſe of ſupporting immediate and urgent wants. This paper is not only a mere government ſecurity, but is alſo ſpecially mortgaged on the eſtate of the perſon who owes the annuity to government, and who is at any time at

liberty

liberty to redeem the ſame at 20 to 25 years purchaſe. Claims of this nature, mortgaged on moſt deſireable eſtates near the metropolis, might be obtained under 60 per cent. which, at the intereſt of five per cent. and with the additional advantage, in ſome inſtances, of a year or two in arrears, would produce between eight and nine per cent.

Actions de la Banque de France. Shares in the national bank of France, limited to the number of thirty thouſand and originally worth one thouſand francs each, form therefore a capital of 30,000,000 francs, or 1,250,000l. ſterling, afford as follows:—

1. A dividend, which at preſent and ſince the foundation has averaged eight to ten per cent. ariſing from the profits on diſcount.

2. A profit of about four to five per cent. more on the diſcounts on paper which every holder of an action effects at the Bank, at the rate of one half per cent. per month, or ſix per cent. per year.

The price of the action is about twelve hundred francs, which may be conſidered as producing, viz.

f. 80 Dividend paid by the bank on each action.

f. 30 Certain profit as things now ſtand on diſcount of bills.

f. 110 per action 10 to 11 per cent.

Actions of the Banque de France, although, ſubject in common with all other ſtocks, to the influence of government, are however far more independent of it than any other and are the more ſecure, as the bank is compoſed of, and ſupported by all, the firſt bankers and merchants in the country.

Actions de la Caiſſe de Commerce, and Actions du Comptoir Commercial. Two eſtabliſhments on the ſame plan, and offering, as nearly as poſſible, the ſame advantages as the Banque de France.

Bons de L'An 7 et de L'An 8. Paper thus called, iſſued for the purpoſe of paying the dividend of the debt during the ſeventh and eighth years; they are no further worthy attention than that they ſtill form a part of the floating debt.

Arrerages des Annes 5 et 6. Are the arrears due to ſuch holders of ſtock as during the fifth and ſixth years had not their dividend paid in Bons des Trois Quarts and Quart Numeraire, mentioned in art. 4. and 6. of the preſent ſketch.

The foregoing is the ſubſtance of a ſtatement, which, we underſtand, is intended to be circulated throughout this country, in order to exhibit the advantage of veſting property in the French funds.

We diſpute nothing with regard to the accuracy of the ſtatements; they bear every mark of authenticity; but with reſpect to ſecurity, without which it is in vain to calculate profit or intereſt, let us ſee how the caſe ſtands.

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It is candidly confeſſed that the Tiers Conſolide, which produce at the preſent price, nearly 10 per cent. are ſix months in arrear; and though it is ſaid that there is an intention of paying them up, the anticipations of the French government are ſtrained to the laſt point.

France has been bankrupt twice ſince the death of Louis XIV. that is, in leſs than a century.

But, what is ſtill more diſcouraging, the French have not yet laid aſide the cuſtom of making neceſſity a plea for retarding payments. There have been above twenty different ſorts of paper iſſued ſince the firſt creation of aſſignats, and each ſort has enjoyed a certain degree of credit at firſt; but all have turned out at laſt to nearly about the expence of paper and printing.

It is idle then to ſpeak of the advantages of veſting money in ſuch funds in preference to our own, and holding out a high intereſt as an inducement. The common intereſt in France, it appears by this very paper, is about 10 per cent. ſo that we have no right to calculate on any great riſe in the price of government ſecurities.

It may be neceſſary to add, that, with ſo many different ſorts of ſecurities, all only amounting to little more than thirty millions ſterling, at their preſent prices, it is ſo eaſy to make a riſe or fall, that, even if the nation acts fairly, ſtrangers will be always liable to be the dupes of jobbing. It will alſo not be amiſs to recollect, that, ſince the acceſſion of William the Third, when our national debt began, there has not been the delay of a day, nor the diminution of a farthing, in paying the regular intereſt or dividends to the public creditor.

THE TRIAL: A TALE.

Written by AUGUSTUS LAFONTAIN.

"YES! charming Emma, I love you more than my life," ſaid Sir Lewis D'Eichenlohe, with paſſionate tenderneſs, and preſſing his hand on his heart to confirm the truth of the proteſtation. "So you ſay all," replied Emma, bluſhing; "but ſilly would be the damſel who ſhould believe you." Leave me, Sir," added ſhe, withdrawing her hand, which he preſſed. "Come, Gertrude!" Emma and her friend walked toward a bower in the garden. Lewis ſtood gazing after them, till the white gown of Emma had diſappeared among the buſhes. He then ſlowly returned to the caſtle.

"More than my life!" repeated Emma, after him, looking behind her, and pointing her finger with an air of incredulity. "If I could truſt the faith of any man," ſaid Gertrude; "it

ſhould be that gentleman's. Of Rodolph's or Lord de Rhiendorf's profeſſions, I own I ſhould be more ſuſpicious. Their ſecret vows are paid leſs to Emma, than to the heireſs of Hardenberg."—"Think you, that Lewis regards with other ſentiments?" "Yes! it is the charming Emma herſelf that Lewis loves"—"And how ſhould you know." "I can hardly tell," replied Gertrude; "and yet, I perceive a thouſand trivial things, which though one can ſcarce name or deſcribe them, are infallible indications of true love. Your father fancies that Sir Rodolph and Baron de Rheindorf love you as dearly as Lewis, becauſe they dance conſtant attendance upon you, wear your colours, and by every other oſtentatious means, declare their love. But Sir Lewis's affection involuntarily ſhows itſelf in all his actions. If he caſually touches your robe, a ſudden fire is lighted up in his eyes. Yeſterday, as you turned your head, one of the treſſes of your hair dropped looſely on his hand, and I obſerved him to tremble with ſudden emotion, and to ſtand for ſome minutes in an attitude the moſt inconvenient, that he might continue to feel that light waving preſſure. Theſe, you may tell me, are trifles; but ſuch trifles are the genuine indications of true love."

Emma muttered ſome faint objections; but was in truth ſecretly delighted to hear her friend recount ſuch proofs of the tenderneſs of Sir Lewis. But yet ſhe could not allow herſelf to believe that he actually loved her *more than life*. This ſhe thought impoſſible; and yet ſhe wiſhed it true. She thought it ſo charming to be loved to that exceſs, that in the fond reverie which the idea excited, ſhe reſolved not to give herſelf to any lover who ſhould not convince her, beyond the poſſibility of doubt, that *he loved her more than life*. "But how can you make yourſelf ſure of this?" ſaid Gertrude. "In the difficulty of making myſelf ſure of it," ſaid Emma, "lies my misfortune." She then ſat down on the green turf, and covering her eyes with her hand, fell into a reverie, in which ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw Lewis ſaving her from a thouſand dangers, at the peril of his own life.

Gertrude, knowing her friend's humour, left her for a time, and purſued her walk by a different way. Toward evening, when they again met, Emma appeared to be in agitation, and ſaid, "I muſt know, Gertrude!"—As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe took her friend's hand, hurried her out of the garden, and led her ſtraight to the chaplain's cell.

"I muſt know," repeated ſhe: and then ſhe informed the chaplain of her doubts, her wiſhes, and her reſolution.

"The veil, reverend father, ſhall be my choice, if I may not have a huſband that ſincerely loves me!" Thus ſhe ended a long diſcourſe, the object of which was to prove to the monk, that the felicity of her whole life would depend on her being able to

know

know certainly, before making a final engagement, whether ſhe were truly beloved by him to whom ſhe was to give her hand. She proceeded to explain the romantic plan ſhe had conceived in order to try whether Lewis D'Eichenlohe truly loved her, as he ſwore that he did.

It was no eaſy matter to give probability to a ſcheme of enchantment. What cannot two young women accompliſh, with the aid of a monk ſkilled in all the myſteries and miracles of the cloiſter? A contrivance of magic was therefore agreed on. Its accompliſhment was put in a train of preparation, and Emma implored the holy virgin to ſupport her knight in the trial intended for him.

One fine ſummer evening, while the chaplain, the knight, and the ladies, ſat in a bower in the garden, Emma, touching her lute in uniſon while Gertrude ſang, Lewis repeating tales, and the monk intermingling legends of miracles, the converſation turned, as it appeared, naturally, upon ſome circumſtances relative to Emma's great-grandmother. The monk told ſuch ſurpriſing things reſpecting her death, her tomb, and the miracles wrought at the tomb, that Lewis liſtened in gazing aſtoniſhment, and the two young ladies ſhowed as if they could ſcarce breathe for terror. "I ſometimes have myſelf viſited the tomb," ſaid the monk, with a tremulous tone of voice; "and have always ſeen ſupernatural forms flitting around it." He added, that having happened to repair to it, about eight days before the death of Emma's mother, he ſaw there apparitions, and heard ſtrange voices, intimating that the lady of the caſtle was actually to die, as ſhe ſoon after did. "Nay," continued he, "thoſe appearances are now conſtantly ſeen, and thoſe warnings heard before the death of every perſon of the houſe of Hardenberg." His narratives were uttered with a ſerioufneſs, and carried in them a ſolemn terror, by which the curioſity of the knight was excited to the utmoſt. After muſing ſome time, he aſked for the key which opened into the vaults of the tomb. He was told that it was in the hands of the Baron of Hardenberg himſelf. From him, therefore, he determined to procure it.

Emma ſtrove to divert him from his purpoſe. "For my ſake," ſaid ſhe, "think not of going down into the vaults." He promiſed that he would not; but with a ſecret determination not to keep his word.

The party returned to the caſtle. The two young ladies, as if in fright, ſtill held cloſe by their conductors. Emma, trembling, pointed to the wing of the caſtle in which were the haunted ſcenes; and declared that ſhe thought ſhe ſaw moving lights in it. The chaplain again deſcribed the paſſage into the vaults, and the beauty of the monument. The lights became then more conſpicuous. The monk croſſed himſelf, Emma and Gertrude held faſt by Sir Lewis, who began to feel ſome emo-

tions of terror, becauſe he knew that part of the caſtle to be uninhabited.

They now entered the uſual family apartments in the caſtle. The three contrivers of the plot were charmed with their ſucceſs in exciting the knights' curioſity. Sir Lewis, on his part, had ſecretly determined to gratify it at whatever riſk. They took leave of one another for the night, and retired to their ſeveral apartments, reflecting upon their reſpective deſigns. Next day, Lewis again requeſted from Father Euſtace an account of all the particulars which he knew relative to the tomb. The father related them in ſuch a manner as tended ſtrongly to awaken curioſity, without overwhelming the mind with terror. The knight ſoon after procured the keys.

He next day repaired to the uninhabited wing of the caſtle, attended by a ſquire of tried courage and fidelity. He aſcended by an exterior ſtaircaſe, in the apertures of which grew plants, which had riſen to a great height. The gate was unlocked, and opened with a noiſe which alarmed the heart. The ſquire entered after him, and he ſhut it behind them.

It was now the hour of ſeven in the evening. The ladies had detained the knight with them till this hour, that they might have time to get all in readineſs for his reception in the old tower.

Lewis, undiſmayed, opened the firſt interior door he came to. It led into a ſeries of rooms, of which the antique, but ſuperb furniture and tapeſteries, ſhowed thoſe apartments to have been anciently occupied by perſons of great opulence, and of diſtinguiſhed rank.

They paſſed on till they came in front of a huge iron gate, ornamented with gilded ſculptures. It was opened. They beheld before them an apartment which had been deſcribed to Sir Lewis, under the appellation of the knights' hall, and of which the magnificence was ſuch as at once to move them to ſurpriſe, and to impreſs them with awe.

At the moſt diſtant extremity of the hall, the floor was raiſed to an elevation above its level in other parts. On that elevation ſtood, under a canopy, a throne on which formerly ſat the anceſtors of Emma, when they gave audience to their vaſſals, and came to determinations in reſpect to wars to be waged againſt their neighbours. A range of pillars of red marble extended round the hall. Between the pillars were the ſtatues or portraits of the Barons of Hardenberg, which ſtood fixed to the wall, and had over them ſentences inſcribed out of holy writ. Below were the lances of thoſe warriors, leaning at one end againſt the pillars. Above the columns was a gallery for the ladies and the ſervants of the family.

The ſolemn ſtillneſs of the hall, its ſpacious extent, the dim light glimmering through it, the ſhades of the columns, the

figuree of the ancient knights, and the reverberation of the voices of Sir Lewis and his ſquire, ſo inflamed the imagination, that they could almoſt fancy the old barons of Herdenberg, ſtarting from the wall to meet them.

They excited each other's attention to thoſe objects which ſtruck them, not by words freely enunciated, but by geſtures and whiſpers. He whoſe attention was thus called, ſhuddered at the notice, and marked the place with his eye, to which his companion had pointed, as if he were afraid of there ſeeing ſome object of horror. They paſſed half an hour in thus contemplating the objects in the hall.

At laſt Sir Lewis lighted two large wax-candles, which were to illuminate his paths at his cloſe approach to the tomb. A ſecret door behind the throne opened by a ſlight preſſure with the hand. The knight entered it, and was followed by his ſquire. Terror and curioſity equally filled their breaſts.

(To be continued.)

COMPLAINT *of an* EARTHWORM.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

I Know not well how to addreſs you.—So improbable muſt it ſeem for one of my ſpecies to become, in any circumſtances the correſpondent of a periodical miſcellany, that I cannot but dread leſt the tale of my diſtreſs ſhould, to you and your readers, ſeem but a clumſy forgery.

And, indeed, if it were not for the new intelligence which I find to be awakened within me, by my own diſtreſs, and by that of my ſpecies, I do not pretend to affirm, that I ſhould ever have been able to give expreſſion to my feelings in human language. But an aſs has been known to ſpeak, that it might ſave its maſter's life from imminent danger. A dog, prompted by affection for his maſter, has found modes of expreſſion ſcarce leſs forcible than articulate ſpeech. Filial tenderneſs has burſt the bands which fettered the tongue of the dumb. And a woman who had loſt the uſe of her voice, has been known to find it again, when there occurred a very urgent and ſudden occaſion for her raiſing it to ſcold her huſband. You cannot be a ſtranger to the fame of the learned pig. And you muſt no doubt have heard of the parrot that imitated the whims, the humours, and the froward ingenuity, ſtill better than the ſpeech and the ſong of its lady. You, indeed, believe thoſe memoirs of the manners and converſation of brutes to be merely fables, which are preſerved by the Grecian Æſop and the Indian Lockman. But the poets and philoſophers of antiquity knew better. The moſt popular

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of Engliſh poets has told you, that " the poor beetle which you tread upon feels the ſame pain as when a giant dies." And he might with great truth have added, that the intelligence of the giant has been at leaſt ſometimes as little ſuperior as his ſenſibility to that of the beetle.

Do not then, Sir, do not, I beſeech you, ſhrink from my tale with averſion or incredulity, now, when I venture to inform you, that it is merely the humble complaint of an EARTHWORM!

To be trampled under foot by man and beaſt; to be cut in pieces as often as we fall in the way of the ſpade and the ploughſhare; to be the prey of birds, and the favourite bait for fiſhes; is a fate we have long ſuffered without complaint; and of which, becauſe it ſeems the natural deſtination of our ſpecies, I ſhall not even now complain.

What makes us juſt now more miſerable than at any former time, is the knowledge of an opinion lately propagated among you, that we, and the ſpecies a-kin to our's, are ſolely nuiſances on the earth, whoſe preſence and endeavours can never prove of the ſmalleſt uſe to man. An utterly exterminating war is, on this account, declared againſt us; and birds, of whoſe injuries you have otherwiſe the greateſt reaſon to complain, are to be ſuffered merely for their implacable hoſtility to us and our brethren. There are few from whom we ſhould not have ſooner expected ſuch a device againſt us than from it real author, Dr. Lettſom, a gentleman whoſe life has been diſtinguiſhed by ſo many acts of humanity. But ſo it is; he who could ſo generouſly compaſſionate the ſlavery of the negroes in the Weſt Indies, has no conſideration at all for us poor earthworms.

But the truth is, Sir, that even our puny ſervices are of the greateſt benefit to man. We, and other minute reptiles and inſects, by preying upon vegetables which would otherwiſe fall into putrefaction, as well as on animal ſubſtances, of which we equally anticipate the putridity, prevent that exceſſive contamination of the air, which but for us would never leave you without an epidemical fever. Our excrement, our eggs, our lifeleſs bodies, are depoſited in the ground, ſo as actually to contribute more than all your manures to its fertilization. Our conſtant ſtirring of the mould breaks and opens its ſmaller parts, better than you can with either the plough or the ſpade. Many of the fibrous roots of plants, would not but for our toil, be reduced to a ſtate in which they might manure, not cumber the ground. It is to the growth chiefly of things unfavourable to your huſbandry, that we ſmall reptiles and inſects are the moſt pernicious. And however melancholy the conſideration, it deſerves alſo to be ſtated, that if we were not to fall in the way of birds, they would devour ten times as much as they now do of your grain, and of the other ſeeds of plants. Beſides, were it not for us,

how ſhould you be able to feed and fatten your hens, ducks, geeſe, and turkies? Only exterminate all worms and inſects from any one rood of ground; and before three years paſs away, you ſhall not fail to ſee that you have loſt much more than you have gained by that pains. We refuſe not to die in what is, to us, the courſe of nature, and for the real benefit of man. But we proteſt againſt being needleſsly exterminated.

AN EARTHWORM.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

ESSEX SUMMER ASSIZES.

MALICIOUSLY SHOOTING.

ROBERT DAVEY was indicted for maliciouſly and felonioufly ſhooting James Harrington on the 5th of February laſt, by which he was dangerouſly wounded.

The proſecutor ſaid he was game-keeper to Mrs. Chiſwell, of Debdin Hall. He knew the priſoner well, and had cauſed him to be impriſoned before for ſnaring game on a Sunday. On the 5th of February laſt, he had been to a place called Thackſtead, to fetch home a pointer; it was about nine in the evening when he returned: he had ſome difficulty to get the dog along—it made a whining noiſe all the way he went. In the midway between Goſſain's Farm, and Tanner's Hill Farm, he received a blow on a ſudden, which drove him headlong forward. He could not account for the violence. At firſt he was inſenſible; but coming to himſelf, he haſtened to Debdin Croſs to get aſſiſtance, finding himſelf wounded in ſeveral places. On examination, it was found he had been fired at with a gun loaded with ſhot, the contents of which had hit him about the neck and head. A quantity of ſhot was taken out of his neck-cloth and under waiſtcoat, and many remained buried in him to that hour. He was unable to ſay who had ſhot him; all he knew was, that the priſoner was at one Johnſton's, a blackſmith, at Thackſtead, when he ſet out to fetch the pointer. He could not be miſtaken in that particular, as he had known him for five years.

Henry Wilſon, a boy of thirteen years of age, nephew to Johnſton the blackſmith, had ſeen the priſoner at his uncle's ſhop the afternoon of the ſame day the game-keeper was ſhot. He overheard a converſation that paſſed between the priſoner and his uncle, in which the former ſaid he would ſhoot the Debdin game-keeper, and would go and buy ſome powder and ſhot for that purpoſe at Thomeſon's. He ſaw him afterwards load a gun with powder and ſhot, and go away from his uncle's about eight

eight o'clock at night. He did not ſee him till the next morning, when he came to his uncle's again, and ſaid he had ſhot the Debdin keeper, and that the gun burſt in diſcharging it. The gun was left with his uncle to mend.

James Johnſton, who appeared to be an accomplice in the brutal act, was next examined. He ſaid the priſoner had come to his houſe at ten o'clock on the night Mr. Harrington was wounded, and had told him he had ſhot the Debdin keeper. Witneſs exclaimed, " I hope not." He replied, " He actually had." " Witneſs then ſaid, " What do you think will become of you? You will certainly be hanged!" Priſoner rejoined, " That is no matter of your's—I want more powder and ſhot."—Witneſs ſaid he had none, and he went away. The next morning he came again, and brought a gun; he *knew* not whether it was burſt; he *believed* it might. He had ſince worked it out.

[Here the witneſs equivocated ſo ſhamefully, and behaved in ſo diſgraceful a manner, that Baron Macdonald informed him, if he continued prevaricating and fencing with the queſtions put to him, he would have him indicted as a principal, and if found guilty, hanged within twenty-four hours.]

The witneſs continued, and confeſſed that Davy was at his houſe previous to the keeper being ſhot at, but denied that any converſation like that which had been detailed by his nephew had taken place; on the contrary, all he had ſworn to, he ſaid, was falſe.

James Sutcliffe was at Thackſtead the ſame evening that Harrington was ſhot at. On his return, between nine and ten, he met the priſoner, and miſtaking him for his brother, exclaimed, " Aye! Jemmy! is it you?" The priſoner ſaid, " You are miſtaken." Witneſs replied, " Well, I may be, but I am within one of it." The priſoner had ſomething black in his hand, which looked like a walking-ſtick. He afterwards recollected that it was Robert Davy, and not James, that he had ſpoken to. He ſaw him the next morning, with a gun on his arm, which appeared to be burſt.

Mrs. Tolley lived a ſhort way from Goſſain's Farm, and ſaw a man run by her on the night the game-keeper was ſhot. She believed that man was the priſoner.

Mrs. Baſs lived a ſmall diſtance from the ſpot where Mr. Harrington was ſhot. She heard a noiſe as the clock was ſtriking nine; it was the howl of a dog, and, being ſomewhat alarmed, ſhe looked out of the door.—While there, ſhe ſaw a man, dreſſed in a ſmock frock, leaning over a gate, looking towards the road. In a minute or ſo, he daſhed over a ſtyle, ran a few paces towards Goſſain's Farm, and ſhe heard the report of a gun. In a few minutes after, ſhe found Mr. Harrington had been ſhot at and wounded.

Mrs. Francis,

Mrs. Francis, who lived upon the ſame ſpot, gave preciſely the ſame evidence.

The priſoner, in his defence, denied any knowledge of the crime laid to his charge, and proteſted his innocence.

Baron Macdonald obſerved, that the crime of wilfully and maliciouſly ſhooting had very properly been made a capital offence, as, in ſuch caſes, God alone could interfere to prevent death; the intent was the ſame. Whoever had ſhot in the caſe before them, the wilful intent was manifeſt from the effects produced, and the jury were called upon to ſay if the priſoner was the guilty perſon. The principal evidence to lead their judgment was that of an infant; and he had ever found that ſuch evidence was either the very beſt or worſt; of that they would have to decide; and if they found the lad's demeanour and manner of conducting himſelf the reverſe of Johnſon's, he thought he was entitled to credit, as a more ſhameful witneſs never ſtood up in a box. The reſt of the evidence he would alſo read to them, and, when he had done ſo, it would be for them to ſay whether or not the charge was brought home to the priſoner. His Lordſhip recapitulated the evidence, and the jury, after a long conſultation, pronounced the priſoner—Not Guilty; obſerving, that they did not think he had been identified ſufficiently to induce them with ſafety to find any other verdict.

The judge obſerved, that he had that day been tried twice for his life, and each time had been acquitted for want of evidence. He would adviſe him to take care for the future, convinced as he was that he was one of the worſt fellows that ever infeſted the county of Eſſex.

Johnſon, the accomplice, was then tried for a ſingle felony, found guilty, and ſentenced to be tranſported for ſeven years.

This fellow's attempt to make the court believe his nephew had perjured himſelf cannot be equalled in the annals of human depravity. Nothing could be more artleſs than the boy's tale, or bear the ſemblance in a greater degree of honeſty and truth.

COURT *of* KING's BENCH.

Hanſon *v.* Coare.

THE defendant was a wine and brandy merchant in Newgate-ſtreet. Having amaſſed a conſiderable fortune, he wiſhed ſome time ago to retire from buſineſs, and advertiſed to ſell the leaſe of his houſe, together with the goodwill of his trade. The plaintiff ſaw the advertiſement, and entered into terms with him. They accordingly came to an agreement, by which, in conſideration of the ſum of 1050l. Mr. Coare made over his intereſt in the houſe to Mr. Hanſon, and covenanted, among other things, under a penalty of 200l. to uſe his utmoſt

exertions to introduce him to his cuſtomers. It was to recover this penalty for a breach of this covenant that the preſent action was brought. It appeared that Mr. Coare undertook to ſign a circular letter, inviting all thoſe who had employed him to employ his ſucceſſor, but that diſputes ſoon after aroſe between them, and Mr. Coare refuſed to ſign the letter unleſs he ſhould receive 150l. or 200l. This demand Mr. Hanſon refuſed to comply with. The conſequence was, that for want of a recommendation a great many of the cuſtomers dropped off. It was likewiſe given in evidence, that though the plaintiff had covenanted to collect the debts of the former firm, the defendant had written letters to all his creditors, defying them in the moſt offenſive language, and without one word in favour of his ſucceſſor.

Lord Ellenborough ſaid, this could by no means be conſidered a peeviſh action. The plaintiff, in conſideration of a promiſe of the defendant's, had paid him a large ſum of money, and when the promiſe was not fulfilled, he had a right to complain, and to apply to a court of juſtice for redreſs. However, his lordſhip was clearly of opinion that the 2000l. was not to be conſidered as liquidated damages. Thispenalty was to be incurred upon a breach of all the covenants, and it was only alledged here that one of them had been broken. What ſum the jury ſhould aſſeſs it was not eaſy to ſay. The minimum evidently was 200l. for at ſo much the defendant had valued that which he ought to have granted. But the jury muſt likewiſe conſider, that to have enabled the plaintiff to have given 200l. its value to him muſt have been conſiderably greater.

The jury found for the plaintiff, damages 500l.

Lord Ellenborough ſaid, he hoped this verdict might be of uſe.

The council for the plaintiff intimated that, upon the opinion of Mr. Waud, they meant to move to enter the verdict for 2000l. and his lordſhip obſerved, that though he himſelf was at preſent decidedly againſt them, he thought it a very fit point to be brought before the court.

ACCOUNT *of a remarkable* OLD MAN.

JOHN SLOANE, bar-officer of the ſheriff's court, acting conſtable, and keeper of the county goal of Kincardineſhire, who died a few days ſince at the age of ninety-ſix, afforded ſo remarkable an inſtance of ſtrength and activity, that a ſhort account of his life deſerves to be recorded.

He was born in the neighbourhood of the town of Ayr, and had a diſtinct remembrance of the rebellion in 1715, and of the circumſtances attending the return of his father from the battle of

of Sheriffmuir, in which he had been engaged as a private in the Earl of Stair's dragoons, one of the two regiments which, led on by the Duke of Argyle, routed the left wing of the rebel army.

He was a farm-ſervant till the year 1738, when, at the age of 32, he enliſted himſelf in the 6th regiment of foot then commanded by General Guiſe, Aid-de-Camp to King George II. Having, in 1740, embarked with his regiment to join the armament under Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, acting againſt the Spaniards in the Weſt-Indies and South America, he was employed in ſeveral of the unlucky expeditions to theſe countries, and particularly the attempt to croſs the Iſthmus of Darien, for the purpoſe of attacking Panama.

When the commanders were ordered home, with the remainder of their forces, he was one of the few who were ſpared to return to Britain. He ſerved in Scotland during the rebellion of 1745, and afterwards did duty 15 years in Gibraltar, from which he returned to Britain about the time the unfortunate Admiral Byng was brought home a priſoner. After being 27 years a ſoldier, he, in 1765, received his diſcharge, and was admitted an out-penſioner of Chelſea Hoſpital. From that time he reſided conſtantly in Stonehaven, performing, during the laſt 37 years of his life, the duty of an active executor of the law, in which occupation his ſuperior manual proweſs was often diſplayed.

He was thrice married, and the laſt time, within theſe two years, to a young woman. He was a brawny man, about 5 feet 11 inches high, uniting a very athletic appearance with an exact ſymmetry of ſhape. Even at ninety-ſix his gait was perfectly erect and eaſy. Within theſe laſt twelve months of his life, he has been known, without ſeeming trouble to himſelf, to walk from 30 to 40 miles a day, in the execution of his duty as a ſheriff's officer.

He always enjoyed good health; and there is every reaſon to preſume that his life might have been conſiderably farther prolonged, had he not, at the late county election, at a moment of hilarity, forgotten that he was old. By drinking too freely he was ſeized with an inflammation, which in eight days put an end to his life.

CRIMINAL FOLLY.

SOME live without reflection on their characters, ſentiments, and actions, and hurry through life, in a thoughtleſs manner, as paſſion and imagination lead them. This is a kind of folly, highly criminal in a rational and immortal being, to whom happineſs or miſery is exhibited in awful proſpect, at the end of a tranſitory life.

REMARKS *on* BLANK VERSE.

IN the conſtruction of blank verſe the utmoſt attention is required, and the niceſt ear muſt be exerciſed, in forming and arranging the ſtyle, in varying and adjuſting the pauſes. The mechaniſm of rhyme, however poliſhed, may be acquired by practice, whereas the harmony demanded from the poet who rhymes not, is uſually the reſult of a combination of very many lines, and not only more difficult as being more complicated, but muſt neceſſarily be accompanied with a beauty of diction and a vigour of thought which, in the couplet, are but too often compenſated for, in the opinion of the generality of poetical amateurs, by the monotonous jingle which attends it. Few, therefore, have attained to excellence in this ſpecies of compoſition. For, of the various kinds of metre in which the poets of Great Britain have delighted to compoſe, none is of ſuch difficult execution as blank verſe, none more requiring a practiſed ear, or a more extenſive knowledge of language and of ſtyle. Two great maſters in this mode of compoſition we poſſeſs, Shakeſpeare and Milton, both pre-eminent in their reſpective walks, but the former, perhaps, more generally harmonious. In Milton, a ſtyle elaborate and abounding in tranſpoſition, mingled with foreign idioms and ſcientific terms, and frequently clogged with parentheſes, admits not of that facility and flow ſo conſpicuous in the dramatic bard, whoſe works preſent us with the moſt muſical and felicitous ſpecimens of blank verſe we can boaſt of. Not that Milton is deficient in harmony; for his Paradiſe Loſt diſplays more than any other poem, perhaps, every variety of pauſe and rhythm, but neither his ſubject, nor his genius, led to that ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of diction ſo wonderfully captivating in the drama of his predeceſſor. Energy, majeſty, a deeper, and ſeverer ſtrain of harmony, pervade the pages of Milton; his the full-toned melody of the pealing organ, Shakeſpeare's the ſofter breathings of the lute or harp; for though ſurrounded by magic and incantation, and all the horrors of ſupernatural agency, Shakeſpeare ſtill preſerves a ſtyle free from intricacy, and melting with the ſweeteſt cadence.

D.

On POETRY.

AS poetry is a luxury, and not a neceſſity, its multiplication is not an object to be ſtudied at the expence of its excellence; and a little of it, of the fineſt kind and richeſt flavour, anſwers its purpoſe much better than an abundance of ordinary growth.

Anſwer, by J. Callaway, of Stalbridge, to C. Cobweb's Charade, inſerted July 5.

IF your manſion, Friend Cobweb, affords but a glaſs,
By inſpecting its ſurface you'll ſee a JACK-ASS.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Jarvis, of Malborough; T. Adey, of Poole; W. Bickham, jun. and W. Mann, of Aſhburton; Juvenis, and W. England, of Dorcheſter; J. Paſcal, of Briſtol; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. Strong, E. Moon, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by Juvenis, of Dorcheſter, to W. Bickham's Anagram, inſerted July 5.

AT the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas, you need not be told,
The WEATHER is oftentimes pinching and cold.

§ We have received the like anſwer from G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; W. Strong, E. Moon, and Henry Humphreys, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; Robert Maſſett, of Saltaſh; J. Callaway, Stalbridge; Sobrius, of Carvoth; and W. Mann, of Aſhburton.

A CHARADE, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

MY firſt, with induſtry, leads you to wealth;
To two-eighths of my firſt, add the guardian of health;
And may prudence attend you while health you enjoy,
For know that my whole doth the bleſſing deſtroy.

A REBUS, *by G. W. of Newton Abbot.*

YE gents. whole wit in Goadby's page doth ſhine;
A youth by Jove belov'd I pray deſine;
A Spartan king who did in exile die;
An aſtronomic ſign likewiſe deſcry;
A bird of prey you ſurely next muſt find;
A Stygian river laſtly call to mind:
Th' initials, join'd in order right,
A martial weapon bring to light.

An ENIGMA, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

TAUTOLOGY I ſhall not uſe
To introduce my lay,
The brighteſt knowledge I diffuſe,
And beam eternal day.

The perſon that doth me deſpiſe,
And all my counſels ſhun;
Shall never to perfection riſe,
Nor ſee a brighter ſun.

Inſpir'd by me he ſoars above,
And contemplates thoſe joys;
Where nought but harmony and love,
The mind ever employs.

I am the only ſource from whence
Divine inſtructions ſpring:
Ingenious bards, and ſons of ſenſe,
My name to light pray bring.

POETRY.

ODE *to the* HARVEST-MOON.

MOON of harveſt, herald mild
Of plenty, ruſtic labour's child,
Hail! Oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As ſoft it trembles o'er the ſtream,
And gilds the ſtraw-thatch'd hamlet wide,
Whe e innocence and peace reſide;
'Tis thou that glad'ſt with joy the ruſtic throng,
Prompteſt the tripping dance, th' exhilarating ſong.

Moon of harveſt, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modeſt ray ſerene,
Gilds the wide ſurrounding ſcene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the ſky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majeſty thou walkeſt on thy way.

Pleaſing 'tis, Oh modeſt moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy ſway to muſing lie,
While around the zephyrs ſigh,
Fanning ſoft the ſun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the ſummer's heat;
Picturing all the ruſtic's joy,
When boundleſs plenty greets his eye,
And thinking ſoon,
Oh modeſt moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road
To ſee the load,
The laſt dear load of harveſt home.

Storms and tempeſts, floods and rains,
Stern deſpoilers of the plains,
Hence away the ſeaſon flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity!
May no winds, careering high,
Drive the clouds along the ſky;
But may all nature ſmile with aſpect boon,
When in the heavens thou ſhew'ſt thy face, Oh harveſt-moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The huſbandman, with ſleep-ſeal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail reſound;
Oh may no hurricane deſtroy
His viſionary views of joy!
God of the winds! Oh bear his humble pray'r,
And while the moon of harveſt ſhines thy bluſt'ring whirlwinds ſpare.

Sons of luxury! to you
Leave I ſleep's dull's power to woo;
Preſs ye ſtill the downy bed,
While feveriſh dreams ſurround your head;
I will ſeek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickeſt ſhade,
Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,
Muſing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall ſoftly fail
The nightingale's enchanting tune;
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful riſe
To greet the modeſt harveſt moon!

H. K. W.

A Hymn, written among the Alps.

By Miſs H. M. WILLIAMS.

CREATION's God! with thought elate
Thy hand divine I ſee;
Impreſs'd on ſcenes where all is great,
Where all is full of thee!

Where, ſtern, the Alpine mountains raiſe
Their heads of maſſive ſnow;
Whence, on the rolling ſtorm I gaze,
That hangs—how far below!

Where, on ſome bold, ſtupendous height,
The eagle ſits alone;
Or, ſoaring, wings his ſullen flight,
To haunts yet more his own;

Where the ſharp rock the chamois treads,
Or ſlippery ſummits ſcales;
Or where the whit'ning ſnow-bird ſpreads
Her plumes to icy gales;

Where the rude cliff's ſteep column glows
With morning's tint of blue;
Or evening, on the glacier, throws
The roſe's bluſhing hue;

Or

Or where, by twilight's ſofter light,
The mountain ſhadow bends;
And, ſudden, caſts a partial night,
As black its form deſcends;

Where the full ray of noon, alone,
Down the deep valley falls;
Or where the ſun-beam never ſhone,
Between its rifted walls;

Where cloudleſs regions calm the ſoul,
Bid mortal cares be ſtill;
Can paſſion's wayward wiſh controul,
And rectify the will;

Where, midſt ſome vaſt expanſe, the mind
Which ſwelling virtue fires,
Forgets that earth it leaves behind,
And to its heav'n aſpires;

Where, far along the deſart-ſphere,
Reſounds no creature's call;
And, undiſturbing mortal ear
The Avalanches fall;

Where, ruſhing from their ſnowy ſource,
The daring torrents urge
Their loud-ton'd waters headlong courſe,
And lift their feather'd ſurge;

Where, ſwift, the lines of light and ſhade,
Flit o'er the lucid lake,
Or the ſhrill wind its breaſt invade,
And its green billows wake;

Where, on the ſlope, with ſpeckled dye,
The pigmy herds I ſcan;
Or, ſooth'd the ſcatter'd chalets ſpy,
The laſt abodes of man;

Or, where the flocks refuſe to paſs;
And the lone peaſant mows,
Fix'd on his knees, the pendant graſs,
Which down the ſteep he throws;

Or, where the dang'rous pathway leads
High o'er the gulph profound;
From whence the ſhrinking eye recedes,
Nor finds repoſe around;

Where, red, the mountain-aſh reclines
Along the cleſted rock;
Where, firm, the dark, unbending pines,
The howling tempeſts mock;

Where level with the ice-ribb'd bound
The yellow harveſts glow;
Or vales with purple vines are crown'd
Beneath impending ſnow;

Where the rich min'rals catch the ray,
With varying luſtre bright;
And glitt'ring fragments ſtrew the way
With ſparks of liquid light;

Or, where the moſs forbears to creep;
Where loftier ſummits rear
Their untrod ſnows, and frozen ſleep
Locks all th' uncolour'd year.

In ev'ry ſcene, where ev'ry hour
Sheds ſome terrific grace,
In nature's vaſt, o'erwhelming power,
Thee, Thee, my GOD, I trace!

DIRECTIONS *for a* TEA-VASE.

By the late Dr. DARWIN.

FRIEND BOULTON! take theſe ingots fine,
From rich Potoſi's ſparkling mine;
With your nice art a tea-vaſe mould,
Your art! more valu'd than the gold;
And where proud Radbourne's turrets riſe,
To bright Eliza ſend the prize.
I'll have no ſerpents round it kiſs
The foaming wave, and ſeem to hiſs,
No naiads weep, no ſphynxes ſtare,
No tail-hung dolphins high in air.
Let wreathes of myrtle round the rim,
And twiſting roſe-buds form the brim.
Each ſide let woodbine ſtalks deſcend,
And form the handles as they bend;
While at the foot a Cupid ſtands,
And twines the wreathes with both his hands;
Perch'd on the riſing lid above,
Oh! place a love-lorn turtle dove,
With hanging wing, and ruffled plume,
And gaſping beak and eye of gloom.
Laſt, let the ſwelling vaſes ſhine,
With ſilver white, and burniſh fine:
Bright as the font whoſe banks beſide,
Narciſſus gaz'd, and lov'd, and died.
Vaſe! when Eliza deigns to pour
With ſnow-white hand thy boiling ſhow'r,
And ſweetly talks, and ſmiles, and ſips
Thy fragrant ſteam with ruby lips;
More charms thy poliſh'd front ſhall ſhew,
Than ever Titian's pencil drew;
More than his chiſel ſoft unfurl'd,
Whoſe heav'n-wrought ſtatue charms the world.

The EMIGRANT.

THE flow'ret reclines on the bed,
No longer it blooming appears;
On earth its faint bluſhes are ſhed,
To mingle with night's dewy tears!

I could think it partook in my pain,
Thus torn from the dear parent tree;
I droop, on a rude, deſart plain,
Where death ſeems indulgence to me!